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of war about the glories of a peace establishment. It is a very tame business with them. So it is to talk to distillers and brewers, and venders, waxing upon the drunkenness of the laud, at the blessings of temperance;—taxes reduced, no drunkenness, riot, or robbery in the streets; no paor, starving bread; no jails and penitentiaries, or almshouses, filled with the wretched victims of the cup;—they cannot understand how such a mass of things can be. Surely their business must be closing! But Heaven above must be satisfied with it, and Hell beneath groan at its consequences. This is the glory of Maine; that she has struck the root of vice and crime. This is glory we seek for New York, and for every State in the Union; a glory which, blessed be God, there is a